THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Bloody Shirt.

BY E. J. FORTER.

"It was the opinion of ancient times that the same black raiment in which a warrior became bloody when they themselves fell on battle."—

"He that is clothed in bloody in the hall."
Ossian.

Rouse'd in the cause of every Nation
The chieftain's pallet's half.
And scented ocean that well could scan
And battle as well as steel;
Are silent now, as of of spell
Of magic bound, all in the grave
Each not dead lingeringly away
Among the cold dead
Where banner and blade in stone array.
Hung trembling in an symphonies,—
But suddenly as if the storm
The ruddy energy by hand unknown,
Had been used their ravishment
Instant, the melody was gone

Soon on the wood spirit's midnight wing,
Through the vast dead, a mournful sound
Like a death wail came, and seems to ring,
The wizard of the wood's a shield around
And ever its battered useless cloak
A gory dew, which would in plays
A poet, pain that reveal
Much huge drop glistening in its rays—

As in the autumnal blast
Had lingered round the shield, then paled
In making coolness away
Into the distance subdued
While back the watch dog's mountain bay
Came echoed from the wild
Again the melancholy landing away
The shrieks where joyance lately dwelt,
Whose tones possessed the power to sleep
The soul in rapture now to call
Or with its tide of softness until
To thrilling ecstacy,—but now
Its tones are accents of woe
The gentle—enchanting chords along
While they surrounded Erin's name
Twine the 3 ribbon wreath of hope,
In one rich strain of triumph song
You well they know that on the plain
Of battle lost the cause is
For they have seen the fearful sign.
And heard the death dirge sung in air
By minstrels of the storm
And sweeter tyres than linger here
With whom no spirit can dwell
Sought the boundary star.
From whence souls pass to gazes on
The fatal ha coloring left stream was
Philadelphia, Jan. 22nd.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Scottish Knight.

BY J. S. DAVIS, ESQ.

A Story of the days of Bruce.

[My apology for this long introduction is, that Bruce preserving that we longed inevitably in least the copious loss of the cause, had his men to feel and to say, that the long that the story which the war giving to relate was none of these that conquered nations.]

"Contrasted colors, intelligent ere contained
Into torn piece Excess or come to who."

Shakespeare's Cymbeline, Act 1.

On the bleak rocky shore of Scotland, not far from the little town of F——, there stands a tumbrous tenure, which was formerly used, and is ragged cliff, for more than eight hundred years. It was once a formidable hold, impregnable to every mortal foe, and was deemed by its owners a fence sage. But time has at length conquered the dark fortalice. Its battlements have tumbled down; the walls are crumbling in with wild vines that retain the moisture, and yet apart the huge stones of which it is formed; and the sea, which laughs the foot of the cliff on which the old castle stands, shakes down, at every succeeding storm, some portion of the antique wall, which yet remains. It is a sad sight, that old fortalice. Wherever no longer resounds the ax hall: peep before never sung now in its chambers; noisy services no more bustle about the court yard: and the only living thing that ever enters its walls, except now and then a traveller like myself, is an old shepherd who pastures a few stray, half-starved sheep upon the scanty herbage around.

There is an old legend connected with that fortalice which has never yet, I believe, found its way into print. I first heard it narrated at the table of a neighboring baronet, who boasted of a descent, through the female line, from the ironclad warriors who built the keep. He narrated the story one day to a large dinner party, and though I have, since then, listened to, and even partaken in many strange adventures, I've most never effaced from my memory the story of

The Lady Blanche.

It was a dark lowering day in autumn, and the wind came in fitful gusts from off the sea, now moaning sadly along the tall cliffs that skirted the coast, and now whistling out keen and sharp across the waste which stretched away from that romantic, where in a fair girl, closely wrapt in the large cloak then worn by females of the higher ranks, stood, half-hidden by a jutting rock, that overhung the road that led up to the old tower aforementioned, afforded a place where one might gain unobserved upon whatever travellers were approaching the fortalice. She had apparently chosen this half-concealed position for that very purpose, for every now and then, as if impatient at the non-arrival of some expected visitor, she would cautiously venture out into the road to gain a better view down the pass, and then hastily retreat to her old position. At length, however, the clatter of a horse's hoof was heard, and directly a knightly fully armed dashed up the meadow, and turning in from the road at the foot of the maiden, leapt from his saddle, and in a moment, he was in his arms.

"Dear—dear Blanche!" he said, "and am I once more blessed with a sight of your own sweet face! Oh! that moment repays me for all the difficulties I have had to encounter in effecting my view, and all the dangers which now lower around me to threateningly."

The fair Blanche shrunk back to the very extremity of the nook where she had been concealed when she first heard the approach of the young knight, but when he sprang from his steed, she had rushed forward again to meet him, and now, with her head reposing fondly upon his shoulder, she raised her blue eyes to his face, and smiled.

"And Blanche is so glad that I have come, Oh! Walter it is long since we have met!"

"Long!" exclaimed the knight, reproachful, your sweet face has been with me, in memory, during all these weary months; and amid all the privations we have had to endure in the wilderness, dodging and treachery—the remembrance that you, at least, still loved the proscribed Walter de Lindsay has upheld me continually."

"Could you have doubted my love, Walter?"

"No, no, dearest, never. But are our hopes still as dark as ever? Does your father yet curse the name of my family, and hold up the head of our ancestors as a bar against our union?"

"Alas! Walter, there is no relenting. I fear me these never will be," and the Lady Blanche burst into tears.

"Then why not fly with me, dear Blanche? I have trusty followers, and though, as God knows, our cause is drooping enough just, and the fate and lodging of a soldier's with often hard enough, yet there are others who have taken up with it, and with Lady Bruce and her train you will be safe, in some secluded castle, and if reach of danger, the issue of this contest, which, sooner or later, must terminate in favor of poor old Scotland."

"No, Walter, it cannot be," said Blanche, "I cannot leave my father; for he has ever been, to me, a kind one. He cannot force me to wed with other—he will not attempt it—and if he should," and Blanche burst into tears, "I will remain faithful to you."

"Well, perhaps I am wrong, and you right, dear Blanche. At least we must wait events. Your parent may relent—a thousand things, in short, may occur——"

"Yes! let us not despair. But do you know what we have here in less than a week for England?"

"And in the lord of Strathaven," exclaimed the young knight indignantly—"about to consummate his treason by openly joining the fiend of Scotland?"

"Hush, hush, Walter, you know he is my father."

"I had forgot," said the young knight, half bitterly and half mournfully, "but hark! is not that a trumpet?"

"It is—and my father's,—he has returned a day sooner than we expected," exclaimed Blanche, becoming deadly pale, "fly, Walter, dear, dear Walter," and her whole frame trembled with agitation.

Quick as lightning had sprung the young knight into the saddle, and he was about stooping for a farewell embrace, when the same trumpet rang out again louder than before, as if from some party approaching their retreat.

"Oh! fly, dear Walter—and the Virgin go with you!"

"One more kiss, sweetest, and now farewell," and bowing to his charger's neck, the young knight plunged his rowels into his horse's sides, and went thundering down the hill, his stout trappings jingling as he rode, and the fire flying from beneath the impetuous tread of the old steed. A maiden watched him until he was hidden by a turn of the road, when she hurried back to her father's house, where she was soon engaged in further progress of her lover, from the battlements of the tower.

Meantime Dr Lindsay galloped fiercely down the pass, in hopes to gain the open plain before the approaching party should arrive. He was, however, disappointed. He was yet some distance from the plain, at the pass where a breach of horsemen, one of whom was the trumpeter aforementioned, appeared blocking up the egress. He instantly halted, as he observed guard of a numerous force of men-at-arms a furling or more distant on the plain.

"Ha! Lindsay, we have it" said one of the strangers to his companion, the trumpeter,—"he! de Lindsay, as I live. By my faith what dash he has at the front! Ha! ha! ha! Lindsay—whither so fast, set outlaw! Can you find your pretty dove in the nest above there?"

"Make way—not I—beggars! You should have your spare brows from your heels, for dare, and to oppose to one destined to be the bride of a Gowrie, make way——"

"I will how thy soul out of the body, false knight," passionately answered de Lindsay, touching his horse, "make way, I say, or by my hopes of salvation, I will run you to the earth."

The other speaker made no answer, but levelling his lance, and instantaneously with the two knights vanished like arrows from their posts. They met in mid career with the shock of a tempest. Both lances were shivered to the very hilt, and both the helmet and a pauses dexterously avoided it, by stooping his head, at the very instant of the encounter. The shock of horse and rider was severe, except shearing off de Lindsay's plume. Not so, however, did his antagonist escape. The lance which he had received on his left side had evidently struck through the shield, and pierced the breast-plate, and yet scarcely down the steel. But Blanche was deceived as to the extent of the injury, for her lover, in some way, she scarcely knew how was at hand. With these thoughts she regained her concealment, and retired to her couch with more hope than she had enjoyed since her interview with de Lindsay.

At early dawn her father set forth, and, as if he expected approaching danger, he had procured the attendance of a hand body of mercenaries, making, with his own retainers, a formidable troop.

The party had proceeded some miles on their journey, and the knights of the English border were becoming momently more clearly defined against the horizon, making Blanche trouble with apprehension lest she should have cherished an unfounded hope, only to cause her final disappointment to be the more crushing, when, as they entered a narrow pass, bounded by a gently rising ground, and skirted by thick underwood, a shot from an invisible hand laid low a man-at-arms in front, and in an instant all was counterchanged. Blanche caught the sound, and recognized the curtain of a retainer almost at the side of the lord of Strathaven.

"We are beset—close up around the women," shouted the father of Blanche, "advance, you Rupert, and Gordon, and Rothven—charge up the hill into that wood."

The men-at-arms dashed ahead, but before they had gone ten yards a dozen cloth shafts rained into their midst.

"The knaves are in the wood above," shouted the lord of Strathaven, "follow me"—and, placing himself at the head of his men-at-arms, and leaving only a small guard over the women, he rushed up the ascent to dislodge the enemy from their ambush. The attempt, however, was the signal for a general discharge from the concealed foe, which made fearful havoc among Strathaven's followers. Several of his bravest men bit the dust before they could reach the concealed foe. Another volley of arrows thinned his ranks, yet, remaining unwounded, he still dashed up the acclivity, followed by his retainers. He had already reached his hidden enemies, when a shout from below aroused his attention, and turning hastily round, he saw the Lord de Lindsay and his retainers rushing off his daughter. In an instant every thing but her was forgotten. With the rage of a baffled fiend he sprang down the hill, and, heedless of the arrows of the ambushed foe, and casing only to save his daughter. His retainers hesitated not to follow him, and a scene of wild confusion ensued. The new enemy manfully stood his ground, forming around the lady Blanche and her attendants, and fleeing in every direction to beat off the onsets of her father's followers; while the foe above, rushing from his ambush, and taking the latter's retainers in the rear, fell like a whirlwind upon their disordered ranks. The contest for a while was terrific. But the enemy finally triumphed, and the earl himself was struck to the earth by a blow from a powerful knight, apparently the leader of the assailants.

"Yield thee—lord of Strathaven," said the deep voice of the conqueror, placing the point of his sword against the face of the fallen earl's helmet "or thou diest."

"I yield not to an unknown assailant," and the earl made the stab.

The knight stooped down, and whispered something into the ear of the prostrate man, who started as if he had been struck by an adder.

"I yield me!" said he sullenly, and with more of fear than he had ever before experienced.

"It is well—rise!" said the conqueror, with the air of dignity.

"The Bruce may well speak thus to a prisoner," said the earl, with as much haughtiness as he could assume.

The fingers of Bruce—for it was he—played convulsively with his dagger for a moment as he listened to the language of the traitor; but checking his indignation he motioned again to the still prostrate man to rise. He little knew how dangerously he had offended. The earl, how ever, conspired to regain his feet; but, weakened by his great loss of blood, he almost instantly fell to the earth in a swoon. It was at this instant that Blanche, who had, during the whole contest, been endeavoring to reach her father's side, came up, and thinking he was no more, she flung herself upon his body, with the most passionate lamentations. Even Bruce was almost moved to tears.

"Sweet lady," he said reverencing her grief and approaching her kindly "the earl is only in a swoon, a little as well as myself have—see, one of you varlets, and bring hither some water in your cap."

It was as the king said. In a few minutes the wounded man faintly opened his eyes upon his daughter, and smiled; but when he met the stern glance of his monarch fixed upon him, he turned them away hastily and closed them with a shudder.

The party did not, however, remain long upon the field of contest. Bruce hastily collected his scattered followers, and, knowing that several of the earl's retainers had made their escape and would speedily alarm the neighboring English garrisons, ordered them to prepare a rude litter for the wounded man, and began a rapid retreat. Before night the whole party were unmolested either by their arrived at night fall at a gloomy old pile, whose architecture betrayed its origin in the days of Saxon supremacy.

During all that day's retreat Blanche had divided her thoughts between her wounded parent, and the unaccountable absence of her lover. The warning sent to her by the latter she might have combined with the attack upon her father's train, persuaded her that de Lindsay, having, by some means, obtained a knowledge of her situation, had planned the surprise. His absence, therefore, was unaccountable. She was not surprised, therefore, when the first person who met her on her arrival was de Lindsay hastening to assist her in dismount.

"Dear Blanche, all has succeeded," he said, as he pressed her hand.

"All!" said Blanche, "oh!—no—for my father——my poor father!" the feelings of the daughter triumphing for the moment, over everything else she burst into tears.

De Lindsay now, for the first time, perceived the litter of the wounded earl, and reverencing the emotion of Blanche, pressed her hand sympathizingly as he led her into the house.

"Is—is the life of my father safe?" suddenly said Blanche, looking up into her lover's face, as he lingered at the doorway previous to their momentary parting. "Will the Bruce," and she could hardly speak for her sobs "treat him as a traitor?"

De Lindsay had been about to speak to Blanche of their love, and urge again his wish for an immediate union, but the question of the maiden recalled him to himself, and he felt that her emotion, at that moment, were too lofty to be distinguished by aught that was selfish. Not did he have long to answer her. In the next instant Bruce, ascending her side, when you found yourself on board of a brigantine of not less than thirty-two guns. She overtopped the low hull of the frigate at bossaic; the boarding-pikes lashed in the mainboom; the cutlasses placed in stands shaft the main-mast; the sentry at the gangway, and the neat rope-work coiled down in its place; the guns ranged along on either side under her bulwarks, and presenting her tier of formidable teeth, and high discipline perceptible about her, convinced me that I was embarking on board a man-of-war of the highest professional character. In fact I knew Captain Stuart's reputation to be that of a rigid disciplinarian.

"Mr. Parker—glad to see you," said my superior, as I touched the deck and raised my hat; "you are punctual, but allow me," said he, turning to an officer on his right hand, whom I have to be his lieutenant, "to present you to Mr. Lee, one—Mr. Lennox, Mr. Parker."

The usual salutations were exchanged; the boat was hoisted in; and I flew down into the mess-room to stow away my traps. It was full of officers. The second lieutenant, the purser, and my three fellow-mates greeted me heartily, as they rose from a long, narrow table, on which was a formidable display of salt junk and old Jamaica.

"Just in time, Parker," sang out my old crony, Wentworth, "we're sticking ourselves to keep up against the fog outside. Push the bottle, Jack—on t'other side of the Junk for Parker—and as there's nothing like beginning right, here's a jolly voyage to us."

The toast had just been drunk, amid a whirlwind of hurrahs, when the shrill whistle of the boatswain shrieked through the ship, followed by the hearty cry, "all hands on deck, ahoy!"

In an instant the gun-room was deserted, and we were at our several posts; while the gallant lieutenant collected with the utmost coolness all the orders of the first lieutenant, and the second enemy standing of the windlass, to the anchor was being hove up to the cat-head.

By the time the anchor was catted, the morning sun was just beginning to struggle over the heights of Jamaica, and as the mists upon the water curled upward in fantastic wreaths beneath his rays, the head of our brigantine began to incline from the land. The sentinel on the mainstay, to her sails filled, the water could be heard rippling under the cutwater. Then as a sudden puff of wind pressed her down, lowered her bulwarks, and we shot rapidly ahead, the bubbles went whizzing along her sides, and sedging around her rudder, crept away astern in a long and glistening wake.

I stood, after the bustle of making sail was over, gazing on the scenery around me, with feelings such as I had never experienced before. It was to be my first voyage in a man-of-war: I would soon, doubtless, imbrue my hands in the blood of my fellow men; and I myself might never return alive from my cruise. I could not help, therefore, being filled with strange and new emotions, as I leaned over the taffrail, gazing on the now fast-receding town, and terraced slopes; and again, to the many happy days I had spent in my native city, and to the dear faces there which I might never see again. But, gradually their feelings were lost in the admiration coincided in my bosom by the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

It was indeed a glorious sight which opened around me. Right in the wake of the brigantine by the city, still partly shrouded in the morning mist—and this background was filled up by a range of uplands, through which a narrow opening disclosed where the Hudson rolled his stormy course. To the right lay Governor's Island, the East River, with its shipping, and the verdant shores of Long Island; while on the left rose up the bluff headlands of Staten Island, emerging, as it were, from a cloud of mist, and crowned with antique farm-houses, rich fields of ripening corn, and there and there a group of wood. Right ahead lay the open sea, the boundless ocean. A few sails dashed in the distance. All was still, beautiful, and serene. Occasionally, however, the measured sound of oars would give tokens of a passing fishing boat, or a snatch of a drinking song would float from some craft idly anchored in the stream. A few gulls screamed overhead. A flock of smaller waterfowl whistled and settled on a strip of white, sandy beach just outside the Narrows. The surf broke with a hollow roar, on a long line of coast, along the neighboring coast; while out on the sea-board long a dun haze, undulating slowly beneath the sun's rays as he rose, blended, in the eastern horizon.

"A fine breeze for our first day's cruise," said Weatherly, "and faith, a decent of a one it will be, if we should happen to be caught by one of King George's frigates, and either be strung up for rebels at the yard arm, or stifled to death in one of his accursed prison holds. What think you of the prospect, comrades, isn't it pleasant?"

"Pleasant do ye call it?" said Patrick O'Shaughnessy, a recruit of about my own age, who was a dangerously late emigrant to the colony, "shure, and it is rayther at my father's hearth I would be, my dear, old Ireland, either till, if we're to be threated as rebels the day."

"Your father's hearth, Pat," said Weatherly, "would be in more danger than ever, were such things in Galway, or wherever else it was that you were suffered to eat potatoes in ignorance, until your guardians brought you out here on a speculation."

"By St. Patrick, your head must be hard," said the irritated recruit, "and it's well that my shillelah isn't at the present——"

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"Shure, and it's a gentleman ye are, Master Weatherly, and I'd like to see the rapiest that says ye arok," said O'Shaughnessy, grasping the proffered hand, and shaking it heartily.

Yonder are the white caps of the Atlantic, rolling ahead," said I, as we stretched past Sandy Hook, and beheld the broad ocean opening in all its vastness and sublimity before us.

We were now fairly afloat. At that time the enterprise in which we had embarked was one of the greatest danger, for not only were we liable to be attacked by regular vessels of war, but we were, "ex yet, uncertain in what manner we should be treated in case of a capture. But we had all confidence in the courage of our captain, and being such, we were prepared for either fortune.

Nearly a week elapsed without anything occurring to dissipate the monotony of our voyage, excepting a momentary alarm at the appearance of a frigate, which we at first took to be an English one, but which subsequently turned out to be a Frenchman. Meanwhile, we were not without many a merry laugh in the gun room, and over our salt junk and Jamaica, we enjoyed ourselves as hilariously as many an epicure would over his choicest viands, and many a song. The yet sweet song was gaily trolled—many a merry story was rehearsed, and anticipations of a successful cruise were freely indulged in. Discipline, of course, on board a man-of-war is the nicest point of honor, and the most rigid discipline perceptible about her, convinced me that I was embarking on board a man-of-war of the highest professional character. In fact I knew Captain Stuart's reputation to be that of a rigid disciplinarian.

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"

THE OLIO.

Tuesday's the 19th of May,
Then given to all the world to play.

Sung by the Prodigy.
Original — Long Time Ago.

Once comes winter, bare comes winter,
Harvest of land—and harvest of sheet—
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Let his warm fire warm his hands and feet.
Now comes winter, bare comes winter,
Withdrawing every hill and dale:
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Send money! by the mail!
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
All remember his just due.
In cold winter, in cold winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

Merry winter, merry winter
It will be when all do right;
Pay the Printer, pay the Printer,
Do the thing that is polite.
Happy winter, happy winter,
Starts the jingling of the bells;
To the Printer, to the Printer,
What and raise their silver bells!
Ah! pay Printer!—ah! pay Printer!—
Your assortment bottle all!
In the winter, in the winter,
But we're think of you at all!

THE MAYTIME OF THE POETS.—In the city, well known to every body, if they can find out the name—a gentleman was handed up before a poetical magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, and the following interesting dialogue ensued :—

Magistrate.—Is your name John Jay?

Prisoner.—Yes, your honour, so the people say.

Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl, and raised the alarm?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.

Mag.—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris.—No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.

Mag.—Be off, you scamp, get out of my sight. Pris.—Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

A DUET.
A dandy as a chap that would
Be a young lady if he could.
To dress he can't, dont all he can
To show that he is not a man.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.—In a well known house in this city, the rendezvous of a number of artists as English and Irish, a Frenchman thought to amuse the company at the expense of an intelligent and esteemed Swiss. "Your country man," said he, "serve under all Europe—Marseilles." "It is true," replied the Swiss, "we are poor, and we fight for that which we most stand in need of—money to pay, call it as you will; but," said he to the Frenchman, "what do you fight for?" "*Honor*," exclaimed the impetuous Frenchman. "Well, then," said the Swiss, "we bolt, it seems, fight for what we stand in need of most—*or* for money, you for honor."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE BIRTH.—Anthony Collins, who has generally been considered a Freethinker, one day met a plain countryman going to church. "Where are you going?" said the philosopher. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God, sir." "Pray is your God great or little?" "He is both, sir." "How can that be?" "He is so great that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and he is so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterward declared, that this simple observation of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes he had perused, written by learned doctors.

CORRECTION.—A resident on the banks of the Tone having lost his wife, a neighbor dropped in to condole with him, and, to his surprise, found him hard at work emptying a bowl of broth, little her carcase than a weathered basin. "Oh, Tommy Tommy" exclaimed the comforter, "is this all them cares for thy poor wife that's dead and gone?" Tommy dropped his spoon, and, looking up with tears in his eyes and broth on his beard, replied, "Ralph, Ralph! aw've been cryin' all t' mornin,' and when aw've emptied my broth aw'll be cryin' again—what more would then he?"

CROMWELL.—When Oliver Cromwell, accompanied by his Secretary Thurloe, once went to dine with the Lord Mayor, the populace met the air with their congratulations, and the streets echoed with "Long live my Lord Protector!" "Your Honour," said the Secretary, "may see by this that you have the voice of the people as well as the voice of God with you." "Ay to God," observed Cromwell, "we will not talk here about him; but for the populace, they would just be as noisy and perhaps more rejoiced if you and I were going to be hanged."

TIME TO GET UP.—Grattan, the celebrated Irish Barrister, was indefatigably industrious. He was so anxious not to lose a moment in sleep, which in his opinion ought to be devoted to study, that he contrived a voyage apparatus to rouse him regularly at day break. A small barrel filled with water was placed over a beam, which stood on a shelf immediately above his pillow, and the cock of it was exactly turned to fill the bowl by day light: so that if he did not rise, the water flowed upon his person and bedding.

A MODEST REQUEST.—Last week the landlord of an artist in Chancel called upon his tenant for his rent. The Tippler's pockets were empty, and, self, but said he had a job, which, when finished, would discharge his debt. The landlord asked him what the job was. The artist, in reply, drew a sign, ordered by a neighboring squire, a *Fiver and the Devil*, for a beer-shop in Chancel, adding, "I will risk Fiver and Tippler, and did not think if you, sir, will be kind enough to *stand for the latter gentleman.*"

AN AMBIGUOUS FIX.—Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the waggish Lord Norbury, riding in company with his long-eared friend, Counsellor Grannety. "Miss Glass," replied the knavish barrister. "Glass!" reiterated the facetious judge;—"by the love which man bears to women, I should often become *intoxicated* could I place such *a fine lady* as that in view." "The counsellor fell from her horse in a fit of sympathy, and did not completely recover till he had been thrice laid in the right arm.

IMMATURE.—When Buckstone, the celebrated French farce writer, died, a person met an old man who was one of his most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, ane-stricken. Every one was trying to console him: "Ah! my friend," he lamented, "does not affect me so much as her horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it, she has refused to continue our correspondence with me!—I, who have *dined with her, at her own house, three times a week for thirty years.*"

A HERESIE OF THE DEVIL.—There is a preacher in Chicago, who mightily holding forth to large audiences, and giving, as he says, "a homily of the devil." The Democrat says that all who hear him are mightily convinced of his thorough acquaintance with the subject.

CATECHISM.—An author, recently criticised in the Edinburgh Review, in a facetious passion said to a friend, that "he desired of all things to wide from him yourself." "From write in it," was the commentary response of his friend.

PRETTY KIND.—*My dear*," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be *most kind*, "do you wish to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "unless fate saved me the trouble."

"A writer in an *Irish* newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Shanlon, expresses, that all the crew were saved, *except four hundreds of jobsticks.*"

Hanging Major Monsoon.

"Exactly so; and then I got a great shock about that time, that effected my system for a considerable while."

"Indeed, Major! most *flumm* !"

"No, I was quite well; but—Lord! how strange it makes me to think of it! my throat is absolutely parched—I was near being hanged !"

"Hanged!"

"Yes. Upon my life in true—very horrible, isn't it? It had a great effect upon my nervous system; and they never thought of any little pension to me, as a recompense for my sufferings."

"And who was barbarous enough to think of such a thing, Major ?"

"Sir Arthur Wellesley himself; none other, Charley."

"Oh, it was a mistake, Major, or a joke."

"It was decidedly no joke being a practical one, though. I'll tell you how it occurred. After the battle of Vimeiro, the brigade to which I was attached had their head-quarters at Sion Mills, a large convent, where all the church plate for miles around was stored up for safety. A sergeant's guard was accordingly stationed over the refectory, and every precaution taken to prevent pillage. Sir Arthur himself having given particular orders on the subject. Well, somehow—I never could find out how,—but, in leaving the place, all the wagons of our brigade had got some trifling articles of small value scattered, as it might be, among them—a couple of cups, silver candlesticks, Virgin Marys, ivory crucifixes, saints' eyes set in topazes, and martyrs' toes in silver fingers, and a hundred other similar things.

One of them confounded bullock-cars broke down just at the angle of the road where the convent stood, and the chief was standing with his staff to watch the troops defile, and not relied among bread rations and salt beef a whole avalanche of precious relics and church ornaments. Every one stood aghast! Never was there such a misfortune. No one endeavored to repair the mishap; but all looked on in terrified amazement as to what was to follow.

"When lo! the command of this detachment!" shouted out Sir Arthur, in a voice that made more than one of us tremble.

"Monsoon, your excellency—Major M'monsoon of the Portuguese."

"The d—d old rogue!—I know him.' Upon my life, that's what he said. 'Hang him up on the spot,' pointing with his finger as he spoke, 'and let that be a lesson to all future plunderers!'

"And with these words he rode leisurely away, as if he had been merely ordering dinner for a friend and his.

"When I came up to the place, the halberdiers fixed, and Gromow, with a company of the fusiliers, under arms beside me.

"'Devilish sorry for it, Major,' said he. 'It's confoundedly unpleasant; but can't be helped! We've got orders, and we must execute them.'

"'Faith, it was just so he said it, tapping his scruff box as he spoke, and looking carelessly about him. None, had it not been for the fixed halberts and the provost-marshal, I'd not have believed him; but one glance at them, and another at the hallock-cart with all the holy images, told me at once what had happened.

"'He only means to frighten me a little: I isn't that all, Gromow ?' cried I, in a supplicating voice.

"'Very possible, Major,' said he; 'but I often execute my orders.'

"'You'll surely not——' Before I could finish, up came Dan Mackinnon, cantering smartly. 'Going to hang old Monsoon: eh, Gromow? What fun!'

"'Ain't it, though?' said I, half blubbering.

"'Well, if you're a good Catholic, you may have your choice of a cord, Major,' said he, 'but it's a strong muster of them here.' This cruel sally was made in reference to the gold and silver effigies that hung scattered about the lighter.

"'Dan,' said I, in a whisper, 'intercede for me—do, like a good, kind fellow. You have interest with Sir Arthur.'

"'You old sinner,' said he; 'it's useless.'

"'Dan, I'll forgive you the fifteen pounds.'

"'That you owe me,' said Dan, laughing.

"'Who'll ever be the father to you I've been? Who'll mix your punch with burnt Madeira, when I'm gone?'

"'Well, really, I am sorry for you, Monsoon: I say, Gromow, don't tuck him up for a few minutes; I'll speak to old Arthur, and if I succeed, I'll wave my handkerchief.'

"Well, away went Dan at a full gallop. Gromow sat down on a bank, and I fidgeted about in my very agitation, and the sympathy of the confounded provost-marshal eyeing all the while.

"'I can only give you five minutes more, Major,' said Gromow, glancing his watch beside him on the grass: I tried to pray a little, and said three or four of Solomon's proverbs, when he again called out—'There, you see it won't do: Sir Arthur is shaking his head.'

"'What's that waving yonder?'

"'The colors of the 6th foot.—Come, Major, off with your stock!'

"'Where is Dan no?—what is he doing?—for I could see nothing from here.

"'He's riding beside Sir Arthur: they all seem laughing.'

"'God forgive them! what an awful retribution that will prove to some of them!'

"'Time's up,' said Gromow, jumping up and replacing his watch in his pocket.

"'Present marsh—fire!—work!——'

"Eh! what's that?—there, I see it waving! there's a shout, too!'

"Up, by jingo, so it is! well, you're saved, this time, Major—that's the signal."

So saying, Gromow turned his fellows in line and marched off, leaving me quite ready, leaning alone on the roadside to meditate over martial law and my pernicious taste for relics.

"Dan soon joined me, and told a great shorty and I think, too, it must have had great effect upon Sir Arthur himself; but, upon my life, he looked very grave when he told him one day after a stand at dinner in Lisbon: he looked at me very hard for a few seconds.—Eh! Monsoon! Major Monsoon, I think, I said.

"'Yes, your excellency,' said I briefly, thinking how grateful it must be for him to meet me.

"'Ah! what's that?—there's a hole!——'

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Bloody Shield.

BY A. J. PORTER.

"It was the opinion of Bonaparte himself, that the sense which matters left at home became bloody when they themselves fell in battle."—Dumas.

Bould'it in the vasts of away within
The chieftain's pallet's hall,
And mustered unseen that well would in
And bold in war stood,
Are silent now, as if in spell
Of magic wonder, the hoary wild swell
Hath not died lingeringly away
Among the wilderness of rocks,
Where bounce and blade in storm array,
Hung trembling in ire or tumult—
But solemnly, as if the strings
The ruddy aspect by hand unknown,
Had been used since its creation,
Instant, the melody was gone

Borne on the wind spirit's midnight wing,
Through the vast realms of air it went,
Like a death wail comes, and comes to sting,
The soul of melancholy thinking.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Scottish Knight.

BY J. S. DANA, ESQ.

A Story of the days of Bruce.

"Courteous stranger, telesinger we tendest
Into your Bower to cause us sing."

On the bleak rocky shore of Scotland, not far from the little town of P——, there stands a tenement house, of the general form and size of the rugged cliff, for more than eight hundred years. It was once a formidable hold, impregnable to every mode of attack, save that by sea, or famine, a fence siege. But time has at length conquered the dark fortalice. Its battlements have trembled down; the solid stone walls are rent with wild fissures that retain the moisture, and pry apart the huge stones of which it is formed; and the sea, which bathes the foot of the cliff on the side of the land, stands, shaken down, at every succeeding storm, some portion of the antique wall, which yet remains. It is a sad sight, that old fortalice. Were ruins no longer meet on the hill? gay palace meeting now in its chambers; noisy revelers no more banish about the court yard; and the only living thing that now inhabits the dismal ruin, is a solitary bird who pastures a few wary, half-starved sheep upon the marshy borough ground.

There is an old legend connected with that fortress which has never yet, I believe, found its way into print. It is, indeed, but narrated at the table of a neighboring baronet, who boasted of a descent, through the female line, from the ironclad warriors who built the tower. The narrative of the story one day in a large dinner party, and though I have, since then, listened to, and even partaken in, many of the delicacies, yet none has ever effaced from my memory the story of

The Lady Blanche.

It was a dark lowering day in autumn, and the wind came in fitful gusts from the sea, over moaning sadly along the tall cliffs that skirted the coast, and now whistling out keen and sharp across the waste which stretched away from their summits to the fair girl, closely wrapt in the large cloak then worn by females of the higher ranks, stood, half-hidden by a jutting rock, that overhanging the road leading to the old tower aforementioned, afforded a place where one might gaze unobserved upon whatever travellers were approaching the fortalice. She had apparently chosen this half-concealed position for that very purpose, for every now and then, as if impatient at the continued delay of some expected visitor, she would cautiously venture out into the road to gain a better view down the pass, and then hastily resume her old position. At length, however, the clatter of a horse's hoof was heard, and directly a knight fully armed dashed up the ascent, and wheeling in his steed almost at the feet of the maiden, leapt from his saddle, and in a moment, he was in his arms.

"Dear—dear Blanche!" he said, "and am I once more blessed with a sight of your own sweet face! Oh! this moment repays me for all the difficulties I have encountered to obtain this interview, and all the dangers which now frown around me on threateningly."

The fair girl had shrunk back to the very extremity of the cliff where she had been concealed when she first heard the approach of this young knight, but when he sprang from his steed, she had rushed into his arms, and now stood there with her head reposing fondly upon his shoulder, she raised her blue eyes to his face, and exclaimed,

"And Blanche is so glad that you have come. Father is to long since we have met."

"Long!" cried the knight, "Yet, dearest, your worst fears has been with me, in memory, during all these weary months; and amid all the privations we have endured in the wilds of the north about, and treachery—the remembrance that you, at least, still loved the proscribed Walter de Lindsay has upheld me continually."

"Could you have doubted my love, Walter?"

"No, no, dearest, never. But are our hopes full as dark as ever? Does your father yet retain the name of my family, and hold up the foot of our ancestors as a bar against our union?"

"Alas! Walter, there is no relenting. I fear me these never will be," and the Lady Blanche burst into tears.

"Then why not fly with me, dear Blanche? I have trusty followers, and though, as God knows, my last means is dropping enough now, and the fare and lodging of a soldier's with often hard enough, yet there are others who have taken up with it, and with Lady Grace and her infant son aboard aswai, in some secluded castle, out of reach of danger, the issue of this contest, which, sooner or later, must terminate in favor of your old Scotland."

"No, Walter, it cannot be," said Blanche, "I cannot leave my father; for he has ever been to me, a kind one. He cannot force me to wed another—he will not attempt it—and if he should,"

And Blanche burst into tears, "I will remain faithful to you."

"Well, perhaps I am wrong, and you right, dear Blanche. At least we must wait events. Your parent may relent—a thousand things, in short, may occur——"

"You! let us not despair. But do you know that we leave here in less than a week for England?"

"And as the lord of Strathaven," exclaimed the young knight, bitterly, "and probably return to summate his treason by openly joining the force of Scotland?"

"Hush, hush, Walter, you know he is my father."

"I had forgot," said the young knight, half bitterly and half mournfully, "but hark! is not that a trumpet?"

"It is—and my father's,—he has returned a day sooner than we expected," exclaimed Blanche, becoming deadly pale, "fly, Walter, dear, dear Walter," and her whole frame trembled with agitation.

Quick as lightning had sprung the young knight into the saddle, and he was about stooping for a farewell embrace, when the water brow part rang out again louder than before, as if from some party approaching their retreat.

"Oh! fly, dear Walter—and the Virgin go with you."

"One more kiss, sweetest, and now farewell," and bowing to his charger's neck, the young knight plunged his rowels into his horse's sides, and went thundering down the hill, his iron trappings jingling as he rode, and the fire flying from beneath his horse's hoofs at every bound. The maiden watched him until he was hidden by a turn of the road, when she hurried back to her father's dwelling, where she might listen to the further progress of her lover, from the battlements of the tower.

Meantime, De Lindsay galloped fiercely down the pass, in hopes to gain the open plain before the approaching party should arrive. He was, however, disappointed, and had not gone half a furlong from the mouth of the pass when a brace of horsemen, one of whom was the trumpeter aforementioned, appeared blocking up the egress. They appeared to be the advanced guard of a numerous force of men-at-arms a furlong or more distant on the plain.

"Who goes there, my hero?" said one of the strangers to his companion, the trumpeter,—"he! de Lindsay, as I live. By my faith what doth he here? Ho! de Lindsay, stand, stand, my lord Governor, whether or fast, or outlaw! Can you find your pretty dove in the nest above there?"

"Ho! de Lindsay for ransom, lord Governor," said the young knight, checking his steed, "make way there for me, or you roost a man driven to the last extremity."

"Make way—not I—beggars! You should have your spurs hewn from your heels, for daring to aspire to one destined to be the bride of a Governor, make way——"

"I will hew thy soul out of thy body, false knight and traitor," exclaimed de Lindsay, couching his lance, "make way, I say, or by the hopes of salvation, I will pin you to the earth."

The other speaker made no answer, but levelled his lance, and instantaneously the two knights vaulted like arrows from their posts. They met in mid career with the shock of a tempest. The lance of Lord Governor had been well aimed, but his opponent dexterously avoided it, by stooping his head, at the very instant of the encounter; and, it passed by without any effect, except shearing off de Lindsay's plume. Not so, however, did his antagonist escape. The lance of the lover met the breast of his foe, and he was pierced,—nor could his enemy, by any dexterity, avoid its stroke. Right through the corslet of Lord Governor it drove a breach of from the head of a Hercules, went the lance of de Lindsay, bearing the arrogant foeman to the earth as though he had been a feather. Down and rider went down before that earthquake charge. Scarcely, however, had the victor

are no more. Compare yourself—must here with harm you—your slightest wish the world shrink to, and you shall be served with the utmost alacrity, which we serve a saint. Do not then give way to grief—let me insist on your retiring—leave it your maid," said I, as the trembling fair one fainted from a state-room, to which she had looked herself when her mistress was in danger, a little rest will support you."

"Oh! Sir, I cannot leave you, I will stay with you when you are dead, but they did not gladly see them sacrificed to their fury, and I would rather be with you in life."

The poor servant met to be the British West Indiaman, which had been surprised by pirates a quarter of a mile astern of us, and sunk. The beautiful being and her maid were the only survivors. It is impossible to describe the grief of the ruffians surprised the conduct, and that those who did were tried summarily by a court martial the next day, and hung at the ship's yard-arm. Their little state-room, or rather oyster-boat, was scuttled and sunk.

The wounds in my arm proved serious, though I had received no other, and I was confined to my cabin for three days, during which I would willingly have laid down my life for the lady.

The first time I appeared on deck of Beatrice Devereux—for such was the name of her I rescued—was at the burial of her uncle on the evening succeeding the re-capture of the ship. She appeared, leaning on the arm of her maid, and on her eye, just lifted for one moment from the deck, happened to catch mine, her face became suffused with crimson, and such a look of gratitude beamed on me, combined with grief for the dead, finished over her countenance as I never saw, before or since. But in another moment her eyes dropped once more on the corpse, and I saw, by the convulsive heaving of her bosom, that grief was her guide. When the corpse was launched into the deep, her sorrow broke all the fetters of control, and she sobbed aloud. Presently, however, she looked around pettishly, and as she turned to re-enter the cabin, the last rays of the setting sun, gilding the mast-head with a crown of glory, and glancing along the surface of the deep, appeared to rest on her sunny hair, like the smile of the departed spirit.

We were meantime, proving to be richly laden, and was allotted to me to conduct into port, as the first lieutenant's wound prevented him from assuming the command, and the other officers were also either rather to remain with the brigantine. Beatrice Devereux was, as a matter of course, to continue on board of the merchantman. Thus did destiny again link my fate with this lovely creature, and by one of those simple accidents which so often occur, open for me a train of events, whose termination it is my purpose to detail in the following crude autobiography.

The attendance with which I watched the receding brigantine, after assuming my new command, and heading up on our course, may well be imagined. Sometimes my fancy had clipped some I fear benumbed on the deep, a moment, unknown, irrevocable misfortune; and now, by one of Fortune's wildest whims, I was commanding a prize of untold value, and become the protector of the loveliest of her sex.

"There's a country that can conquer our fortunes. Some new turns as we will."

It was not till the third day after parting company with the brigantine, that Miss Devereux, with her maid, appeared once more upon the deck. The shock of her uncle's death had brought on a nervous fever, which confined her completely to the cabin; and even now, there was a languor in her fine countenance, and a melancholy in her dark eyes, which, though robbed to the casual of her appearance, betokened the sentiment of her grief. She was attired in a dark silken dress; but her hair was unbound, and fell in dark ringlets over her shoulders, without the addition of any kind whatever. Ready had I beheld a vision of such surpassing loveliness, and feared to assume her to be a spirit. Suffice it to say, from that moment I loved Beatrice; and that though she had not hid me hope, there was nothing in her conduct to bid me despair.

Nobler of Them.

The following laughable account of a duel is from a late number of *Charles O'Malley*:

"And Boyle, did you know Harry Boyle?"

"To be sure I did. Shall I ever forget him, and his capital blunders, that kept me laughing the whole time I spent in Dublin? I and I alone knew where he concealed a pongyzze upon a friend, by calling him 'the father of the poor, and made the Lord Lieutenant swear it."

"He was the only man who could render by a bull what it was impossible to convey more correctly," said Power; "you have heard of his duel with Harry Tuohy?"

"Never. Let's hear it."

"It was a bull from beginning to end. Boyle took it into his head that Harry was a person with whom he had a serious row in Cork. Harry, on the other hand, mistook Boyle for old Captain, whom he had been pursuing with horse-whipping intentions for some months; they met in Kildare street Club, and some little colloquy ensued, which ended in their going out at four o'clock next morning: each party being so cogently ready to meet the views of the other."

It seems a difficult matter to find a friend in Dublin; and, to do them justice, Irish seconds, generally speaking, are perfectly free from any participation upon the score of good humour. No man have less impertinent curiosity as to the causes of the quarrel; wisely supposing that the principals, being no editors but, they had reasons to obtain from indulging any prying spirit, but proceed to discharge their functions as best they may. Accordingly, Sir Harry and Dick Wallop, set, as the phrase is, at twelve paces; and to use Boyle's own words, for I have heard him relate the scene—

"We hinged away, sir, for three rounds. I put two in his hat, and one in his neckcloth; his never touched the skin of my coat."

"We'll spread the day here," said Costigan, "at this rate; couldn't you manage to put them closer?"

"And give us a little more room for action," says I.

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Well, they moved on forward two paces, and set to leading the pistols again."

"By this time we were in near that we had full opportunity to scan each other's fame; well, sir, I stared at him, and he at me,"

"What a figure!"

"Eh?" said he.

"Here's this?" said I.

"You're not Billy Caplen," said he.

"I heard a bit," said I, "and don't think you're Archy Devine; and faith, sir, as it appeared, we were fighting away all the morning for nothing, for none hear it turned out 'if you are neither of us.'"

Ah! Childhood—threefold mystery!—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure house of wonders. Sweet and gentle source of being! whose footsteps bring on the path of life blessing, or throw it wither and fade in their beloved—as the poet "thick-coming" joys and tears! of tears that pass quickly away, or if they did not belong to them, they sing linger and abide long and yet make the long day short—time of wishfulness! yet of power to charm the eye of rage from their prey. Child-hood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysterious dust thou deal with. What mystery to them in thy unfolding freedom, that sad forth wonder from them that gaze upon them, and seem to thy self at times almost as if they were strange remembrance of an earlier being! What mystery to them in thy thoughts, whose tears fall first strangling to grasp the infinite and eternal! when thou art laid of immortal regions where then shalt wander outward and outward forever, and saying even to the touching voice of authority, "It cannot, father: it cannot be!"—*Rev. G. Denny.*

Saturday Evening Post.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post is removed to the corner of the South Second Court of Chestnut and Third Street. The attention is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the gentlemanly and punctual customers of our establishment at any time.

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As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and newspaper publishing, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

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If the safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag, AT OUR RISK. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year at this office, and if we do not confirm the fact, the works are invariably forwarded.

Commencement Possible.

An idle Legislature is surpassed only by a corrupt one. They both defraud the people. The matters little to the great body of the community whether their interests are openly violated, or secretly neglected. The legislator who wastes the public time in idle discussion, and suffers session after session to elapse without providing for the people's wants, is but one remove better than him who betrays their people for his own aggrandizement, or destroys their liberties for his own aggrandizement.

The national legislature has for years presented a deplorable spectacle. Instead of the bold and manly conduct of their early predecessors, who disposed or rejected measures with a proper expedition, they present only a picture of constant shuffling, delay, and ingratitude, and a series of unprofitable debates, characterized chiefly by a "lanked" dullness "long drawn out." Questions which should be decided in a day, are prolonged into a fortnight; and measures which could be discussed amply in a week, drag on in endless prolixity through a session. Instead of a bold, open, overwhelming style of eloquence, we have the three days sing-song of a sleepy professor. No man pretends to make a speech: he only writes an essay for publication. Even on occasions the ground which has already been trodden in the course of the debate, each orator follows the track of his predecessor, like a horse in a mill, in one eternal round. Our Congressional debates are characterized by a constant repetition. An important measure is introduced by the administration, and the leaders of that party opine it to the house. He is replied to at length by the leader of opposition. Another of the strongest men in favor of the measure succeeds him, and then comes a full and again one of the most talented of his antagonists urges every argument against it. By the time another week has been occupied in the debate, and everything of real importance to the argument has been discussed. Why then should not the question be taken? Can a single member be induced thereafter to alter his vote? Can any new light be thrown upon the subject for the information of the public out of doors? Not at all. Then why not put the question, set to the point for the people, and save millions of dollars otherwise to be squandered in enduring further debate? The only reason is, that each member wishing to deliver a speech, and time being a great man in his own conceit, is unwilling that the debate should close, until, like every other old woman, he has had his say. Can it be, that the legislature is a mock jury, bringing in a verdict, "*super cirum corporis*,"—died of a visitation of bad poetry.

We have lately been looking over an author who wrote a poem on War, and had submitted it for a literary prize: and that our readers may speculate, can by some ingenuity note, and easy dispassionate observer must confess that our style of congressional eloquence is essentially low.—There are scarcely a dozen good speakers in either house,—and, to adduce but one, that real orator, Webster, is a single star in a constellation of mediocrity, or that old thunderer Demosthenes of ancient times, and Burke and Fox and Wilberforce of modern. It is true, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, each in his own genuine style, are powerful speakers. We are proud that they are Americans. But the great mass of the debaters, especially in the lower house, would scarcely do credit to a common country court, or town meeting stump. Men who can spin out their thoughts into such interminable harangues are as rare beard unctually at Washington, have no conception of the dancing, fire, rapidity, and concentration of energy which constitutes true eloquence.

Let the constituents take up this matter, and choose either silent thinkers or real debaters; and let the noisy demagogues, of both parties, who squander the public time, be left at home. Our legislation will then move at a rate, something better than its present snail's pace.

Female Seamen's Friend Society.

Among the many benevolent institutions now existing in this city, we know of none that so much the best. The third annual report gives an account of the strenuous exertions made by its indefatigable and patriotic friends for the welfare and comfort of which have had a beneficial influence. Women is ever benevolent, and she would exempt, if possible, from the miseries of life sphere than succoring the distressed families of those "whose search is o'er the mountain wave, whose home is the deep." The appointment of a Seaman's Clothing Store, where articles to furnish such at suitable prices, to the wife and children of the mariner, has been very successful.

Male Manufactures.

The silk manufacture of England seems to be on the ebb—if a current view is given in the following extract from the London Times:

"The unparalleled sufferings and forbearance of the hand loom weavers have long been a subject of commiseration and sympathy. Something must now be done, or they must perish: the longest stretch of patience will become exhausted at last. Think of a piece of bombast bombazine, which long seems for eleven pence, thus occupying two people a whole day for that paltry sum. We are informed that in and about Leigh, there are 10,000 weavers, of which 7000 are totally out of employ, and the others not in full work."

New Publications.

ANDREAS RICHTER.—Some friend has kindly left upon our table, the first No. of a new publication with the above title, edited by Rev. A. Peters, D. D. and Rev. S. B. Treat, of New York. It is published once in two months, and is to be devoted exclusively to selections from the foreign periodical literature of the world. The first number is a good one, and we cordially invite to the reading community, as the best set up in languages which few comparatively understand. The price of the work is extremely low—half, with a special satisfaction, the publication of the work before us as one of the most valuable periodicals for the reading community of the country which the present age, prolific as it is, has afforded. We know not where the work is published, but presume the publication committee will be made to supply subscribers in this city, in a way that shall accommodate their expectations. More than thirty of our most valuable periodicals are now the translation twenty-three modern languages, are engaged as contributors to the work.

AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY.—The number for January, of this valuable work which has now reached several volumes, come to hand a few days ago, and we as in the other numbers, we have not been enjoyed for years. The work has for some years past, been conducted by Rev. A. Peters, D. D. who has now associated with him, in the Rev. S. S. Smith, one of the professors in the theological seminary at Andover.

Mr. Thorn has been chosen president and reporter—one of the most important offices in the committee on the fortifications of Paris.

General Bugeaud has been appointed to the government of Algeria. This appointment the National efforts to the fate of the country, and in some other of the respectable Reading Rooms in this city, this invaluable work, which is confessed to be a prize of our National literature is not to be found. The character of the work has undergone some important modifications within the last two or three years. It is not so exclusively biblical as formerly, and is far more valuable to the general reader. The taste, the talent, the deep research, the sound learning, and the enlarged and catholic view exhibited in most of its articles, will commend it to the more enlightened and intelligent in every part of the world. The number now before us, is one of uncommon merit and interest. So long as it shall be conducted with the ability and talent exhibited in this number, it cannot fail of an extensive patronage.

THE ORCHARDISTS' COMPANION,—*No. I.—A. Hoff's* 41 Chestnut street.—We have received the first number of a beautiful monthly journal, published under the above title. The work embraces a full account of the management of the *fruit nursery*, *vegetable garden*, *flower garden*, the coloring and gathering of fruit, etc. The number is embellished with four exquisitely colored plates of different specimens of fruit. The coloring equals anything of the kind we have seen. The work is beautifully printed, and is furnished at the low price of one dollar per annum.

WAY SHALL BE HERE.—*By Miss Ellen Pickering, author of Nana Derrell, The Fright, &c.*—*Carey & Hart—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—These are very pleasant volumes, and will be read with great zest. She has acquired some reputation as a writer of romances which is abundantly sustained in the volumes before us. The work is well printed.

Poetic Effulgence.

One of our cotemporaries in New York has lately set up a machine for manufacturing poetry which produces, as might have been supposed, some specimens of rare humor. We do not pretend to possess a mill like him, but we often light upon a fragment which is worth being saved. The following is one of them, which is short enough to set a divan of Turks a laughing.

It is astonishing how the poetic spirit of this people is working of late. Not to speak of long poems which it would take a labor of Hercules to read; or of more moderately lengthy effusions which find defenders as silly as the writers; or of the thousand and one elegies, monodys, lines to——, and other stanzas, which are born weekly in the literary press of America,—there are abortive attempts to be poetic, made by ambitious writers, which every editor is forced to take, much as he would a dose of calomel, at great risk to his life: for the articles often abound so with pathos, that he is apt to be suffocated with laughter, and have a coroner's jury, bringing in a verdict, "*super cirum corporis*,"—died of a visitation of bad poetry.

We have lately been looking over an author who wrote a poem on War, and had submitted it for a literary prize: and that our readers may speculate, can by some ingenuity note, and easy dispassionate observer must confess that our style of congressional eloquence is essentially low.—There are scarcely a dozen good speakers in either house,—and, to adduce but one, that real orator, Webster, is a single star in a constellation of mediocrity, or that old thunderer Demosthenes of ancient times, and Burke and Fox and Wilberforce of modern. It is true, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, each in his own genuine style, are powerful speakers. We are proud that they are Americans. But the great mass of the debaters, especially in the lower house, would scarcely do credit to a common country court, or town meeting stump. Men who can spin out their thoughts into such interminable harangues are as rare beard unctually at Washington, have no conception of the dancing, fire, rapidity, and concentration of energy which constitutes true eloquence.

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> "Here's the Widow Malone
> Ochone! Ochone!
> Here's the Widow Malone
> Ochone!
> Here's the Widow Malone
> Who lived all alone
> Till Misther O'Connor
> Got married to her
> Ochone! Ochone!"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.
$2 per annum, $1 if paid in advance: $1.50 in advance for six months.
Subscriptions accepted only from those letters addressed by the writers themselves, or those of well known responsible persons endorse their letters with their names and residence.
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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, shall be entitled to a copy for a year.
Remittances must always state the Post office, county and State, as well as to which the paper is to be directed.

Travelling Agents.
JOHN H. THOMAS, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine in the place of E. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers of that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him as above. Mr. Thomas is a general travelling agent, authorized by G. H. F. Rose and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by assisting with them.
GF Mr. MOLONEY is agent for the Post and Magazine at Dayton, Ohio, N. C. and subscription or paid place will attend to by paying him their subscriptions.
GF C. M. JAMES, of Lancaster, Ohio, is our agent to act authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in Ohio.
GF Mr. HOOVER, of Ohio and Indiana, is our agent to act as Hoover.
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GF S. G. BARTON and I. F. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.
GF S. H. STEPHENS and JOHN P. JARBOE for Kentucky.
GF W. J. HAND, for Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.
GF J. INGRAM, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorized to receive money due for Saturday Evening Post and Godney's Magazine.
GF ALEXANDER BALLINGER, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee
GF Mr. H. WEBB, New York City, is our agent
GF JOHN ANDERSON, Esq. resigned.
GF L. THOMPSON, Esq. of the New England States. Subscribers who may be wanted upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Salem Banking Company, Salem, N. J.—1's, letter B, green. Ship and Eagle.
Commercial Bank, New Orleans, La.—50's, specimen. Vignette on left end, a female feeding an eagle.
Farmers' Bank of the City of Troy, Troy, N. Y.—3's letter B, pay bearer, dated in 1839. Signed P. Wells, Cashier; G. Lansing, President. Vignette, Mercury—Ship under sail. No right end denomination of the note, and on left fish signed in relation to the bank.
James Bank, Jamesville, N. Y.—5's letter A, pay to J. G. Bennett, April 4, 1833. A. D. Gardwell, Cashier; J. W. James, President. Filling up and Cashier's name engraved. Miserably executed.
Bank of the United States—10's letter B new plate, dated Jan. 12, 1839.—*Buck. Reporter.*

FINANCE BY LOCOMOTIVE.—From the annual report of the Treasurer of the State, published in the New Orleans papers of the 7th inst. we suppose that the amount of State bonds issued to the several New Orleans banks, is $900,000.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA have been authorized to suspend specie payments, till the meeting of the Legislature on the 15th of November next.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. *Land Offices*—Robert A Fenwith, Register of the Land Office at Detroit, Michigan, vice Edward Mundy, resigned. James S. McGinnis, Register of the Land Office at Chillicothe, Ohio, vice Thomas Scott, whose commission will expire February 27, 1841. Mary U. Hunter, Receiver of Public Moneys at Demopolis, Alabama, vice Ed March, 1841, whose last present commission will expire.
TORTURE OF RESPECT.—The Legislature of Delaware have passed a resolution for the erection of a monument to Col. John Haslet, from the grave yard of the Old Presbyterian church in this city, to that state, for the purpose of having a suitable monument erected over him.
DELAWARE.—Governor Cooper has appointed John S. Heisegger, of Georgetown, Secretary of State, vice Secretary of State, Thomas Denhyne, Esq. Senator from New Castle county, died at his residence in Pennington Neck on Friday last.
SARAT OF MARYLAND.—The Banks of Baltimore have agreed to resume specie payments on the 1st of February. The other Banks of Maryland will probably do the same. The Richmond Banks will resume on the same day.
DIRECT TAXATION.—In the Legislature of Maryland the committee on Ways and Means have matured and reported a resolution for a direct tax to pay the interest of the State Debt.
THE PUBLIC LANDS.—The Legislature of Kentucky has passed resolutions in favor of a distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, among the States.
MAINE ELECTION.—The election held in the Oxford District, on the 15th inst. for a member of Congress, resulted in the choice of Mr. Littlefield, the Democratic candidate.
BANKRUPT LAW.—The Legislature of Louisiana have unanimously passed a resolution instructing their Senators from that State, to vote for a uniform bankrupt law.
VIRGINIA SENATOR.—Hon. Wm. C. Rives has been elected and United States Senator from Virginia, by a majority of six votes in both branches of the Legislature of that State.
RESUMPTION IN DELAWARE.—The Banks in Wilmington, resumed specie payments on the 15th inst. They both stock holders though not generally.
PROCLAMATION.—Mr Van Buren has issued his proclamation for the assembling of the new Senate on the 4th of March next.
INDIANA SENATOR.—Alexander Barrow, whig, has been elected U. S. Senator from Indiana.

The Canada Press.

The Montreal Gazette, in introducing to its readers the two last heinous of the conspiracies which have taken place between Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Fox, in letters to their respective Governments, and the answer of M'Leod, one of the individuals concerned in that affair, is quite indignant, and blusters away in the character of a "Her Majesty's Loyal and Dutiful servant," most to the great delight of her readers easy enjoy a hearty laugh at his expense—for which the concluding observations.

"As nothing is more unbecoming in the officers of the Republic to sanction, we should not be surprised to find Mr. Secretary Forsyth, the author of the letter of 1838, being seized and put on trial for damage done to the cause of the empire, by the publication of such correspondence. If the charge of impunity is but filling up our vocabulary to see that we are not unjustly left."

An awful wish, surely! It did not occur to the editor, that Great Britain has twice left "that creature" to the mercy of her power itself abundantly what to do that same thing—and a little more. The Gazette continues in a Roland's

"Those persons who firmly believe in Providence overruling the affairs of the world, cannot but be concerned with the contrivance that a person whom they does not acknowledge a God, and acts as if there were no God, should nevertheless be brought to discovery."

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—Dr Elijah Porter, of Waterford, N. Y. aged 67, was found dead, last week, in Pittsburgh. His body was discovered in the road, on being opened, and it was supposed that he was thrown from his gig, and so injured as to die instantly. Mr. Porter's remains were delivered over to the friends of deceased.

MUTINY.—The Revenue Cutter Van Buren on Erie by her boat's crew on the 9th inst. Marquardus Mills, 60 days from Jamaica, her crew having on a scarcity of money, and entered her to Baltimore, where the vessel and cargo were delivered over to the British Consul, Wm. Gray, Esq.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. John O'Hern was crushed to death between two cars on the Worcester and Springfield Railroad, Con., a few days since. He was one of the individuals who jumped from the train and received his life on the night of the melancholy disaster at the Springfield Depot.

General News.

SHOCKING BANKRUPT ACCIDENT.—A female, named Mary Costello, was dreadfully injured on Saturday last by being knocked down and run over by one of the Harlem Railroad cars, as she was crossing the track near Centre street in New York. She was immediately conveyed to the city Hospital, where it was ascertained that her left leg and right arm were horribly mangled; the bones being completely crushed and the muscles nearly all severed. Little hopes are entertained of her recovery. From an examination of the circumstances of this deplorable occurrence, it appeared that the driver of the car was wholly blameless, and that the accident was nothing more than may be daily calculated on, so long as those "inflexed machines" are permitted to traverse the thoroughfares of a city. The blood of the victims be on the heads of those who project such pernicious tyrannies, and shame upon all who tamely submit to this sacrifice of private liberty and personal security.

P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that the unfortunate woman died at about 11 o'clock Saturday night.

THE BROOKLYN MURDER.—Additional particulars respecting the murder of the bad Fellows at Brooklyn, about three months since, are given in a New York paper, which exhibit a cruelty in the supposed perpetrators of the murder, without a parallel in the annals of crime. The bodies of the victims lie on the heads of those who projected

THE CLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all the flavor.
—*Cowper.*

To Shelter,
Like a fugitive discovered,
Long hast thou the light,
Ere its loveliness beheld,
In sober and delight!—
Like a sister or a brother
A sweet is the word,
Like a York River oyster
That lodges in the shell:
Like a toad in a grot of stone,
A clam in the sea—
My heart is loved up,
Dearest maiden in thee!

FUTURE RECORD.—The late President John Adams, in his correspondence with Mr. Cunningham, gives the following definition of a Bonduel. An excellent one—a thing that might possibly be found useful and salutary in many dwellings:

"What is a Boudoir? It is a *Petting Room.* And what is a Petting Room? In many gentlemen's houses in France there is an apartment of an octagonal form, twelve or fifteen feet across, and thirty-six or forty-five feet round, and all the eight sides, as well as the ceiling above, are all of the most polished glass mirrors; so that when a man stands in the centre of the room he sees himself in every direction, multiplied into a row of sofas, so far as the eye can extend. The humor of it is that when the lady of the house is out of temper, when she is going to visit or when she wants without a cause, she may be locked up in this chamber to pout, and see in every direction how beautiful she is."

A Sorry Chapter for Silver.

In vain I sought the critic's bar
For words of reputation;
Only for comment no poor.
By act of transmutation.
For Barrow-gold was more precise, and shy,
To consignment with success
That rather sold the worst supply
Because the lease to fit were.

"UP AND DOWN."—In Sheffield, Saturday, the second is a poor, feeble old woman, destitute and distressed, who picks up a scanty subsistence by washing clothes. This was one of Burns' loveliest heroines, the daughter of a high-ly respectable gentleman in Nithesdale. Or her the poet sang—

"O, lovely Polly Stewart!
O, charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades and falls,
And art can nae renew it,
But worth and truth, eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart."

Poor Polly Stewart forgot her "worth and truth," and has sunk down the highest circles of fashion to the lowest abject state. Such errors are feelingly remind us of the vicissitudes of life.

TALENT.—Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; Milton ended his life in obscurity; Bacon lived a life of monotone; Spenser died of want; Dryden lived in poverty and died of distress; Otway died of hunger; Lee in the streets; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle to save him from prison; Fielding lies in the burying ground of St. Pancras; Savage died in prison; Chatterton destroyed himself; and John Keats died of a broken heart.

CONSOLATION.—Why is a surgeon going to perform an operation on a farmer like a dandy sallying forth from his toilet? D'ye give it up? Because he is going to cut a corn!

What key is best for a Chanticleer bee? A tenor key.

Why is a handsome woman like bread? Because often needed.

When is a man over head and ears in debt? When he has a lot on that is not paid for.

"Absent but not forgotten," as the gentleman said when he missed his pocket book.

A CRAFTY SERGEANT.—Mr. Lapstone, the shoemaker, turn sexton and said, "Chaunter, why your voice is still for war," as the man says in the play. We should immediately exercise the comfort with one and *stamp out* opposition. My upper leather's prime, and I can *hammer* away put without getting the stick. Who's allowed? They have *done a peg* into our quarters, that's a fact—but we have found out *where the shoe pinches*—and our last won't be out *end*, while we can *wax* warm in the good cause. So I say—go it lusty!

CURTIS.—A number of English shoe dealers once made a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, to sell shoes to the Hottentots. They met with no success in this business, and were much wondered by the lions and other beasts of the country. On their return they published an account of their suffering in rhyme. We extract a couplet relating to the vanity of the lions:

The vanity of these lions was, to come on to shoeless God knows we wanted *nothing* covering, for we wanted none of theirs."

HOW SHARP.—A young lady, rather given to gossiping, was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning. She consulted a physician upon the matter. He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth.—"Well, then, doctor," said she, "if that is the case, I will be sure to let it all out before night, hereafter."

WARRANTY.—A young apprentice to the shoemaking business, lately asked his master what answer he should make to the often repeated question, "Is that shoe master warranted by his shoe?" Answer, Tom," says the master. "Tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they don't, that I will make them good for nothing."

EXAMINING THE COTTON.—A certain retailer in the liquor line, of this city, having met the state of his finances would not admit of his keeping "open house" on New Years, very ingeniously killed a cousin and put the notice on the outside of his door—"Closed in consequence of a death in the family."

GRADUAL INDEED!—A theatrical manager once apologized for the absence of a favorite actor on account of "sudden indisposition." "Gradual indisposition, you mean," said a fellow from the pit. "I saw him two minutes ago, getting drunk at the PARAD."

CURIOUS.—During the heat of the Presidential contest, a Farie editor announced that he had received a fine of American papers, and expected exceedingly to feed by them, that the two candidates for the Presidency were the greatest rascals in the country.

RAPIDITY.—The phrase, "don't bother his pate out of the wonder," is in the refined language of the day rendered, "it is undesirable for the remarkable legends to exert their tonsil powers in a humiliating contingency of doubt."

MUST BE AN HEIRESS.—Oh! my dear, how come you so wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why, ma', one of the boys said I dar'nt jump into the creek, and by gosh, I tell you I quit'n be dar'nted."

CAPTAIN COLE.—On a very hot day, a person thinly and openly dressed, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he wiping his face, "where? I wish I could catch it."

ARSENIC OR MUSIC.—The Arkansas Gazette says:—"A friend of ours, one who has known us for many years, actually asked us the other day to "*change a hundred dollar note!*"

Shadow Book.

A patient who cautious his Whiskers is apt to lengthen his confinement said that.

Once grave spontaneously.—*Col. Green.*

It is no small one I ask you to have me I'll own.
But that now my my Patience, and have me stone.—
p. c. D.

Some hint none now well such Penciled 'ad,
Unf ashest sentence to the Pen,
Alt ch on said tongues action but
He kings sure have more matter—*Boston, 1801.*

Time was it was Sermons kept their word,
When errors to by their board;
No more, Alas! its curb is bored,
For boards have dis-pensed.

LOST.

Did not from time now
The spirit of *hers fired* his?—*Democrat.*

Oh, how much time there has been lost!
What toil and trouble it has cost
To observe the clim!
And then the letters to the hint!
What lots of blood there have been shed!
How many others colored red
By loss of skin!

How like a bear around the throne!
O, what a clim! a goat! a gem!
Some people affect
Is that the reason then you shave?
Are you to become so much the more?
Then don your beards and trouble save.
Ages go without.

Gum Shells and Shakespeare.

The third series of the Sayings and Doings of the humorous clock-maker, contains a load of fun and drollery, under the new nominee of Slickville, by whom he is advised to be "thinkin' of settlin' in the world," i. e. to get married.

"Nothin' 'ays the minister—'cause the man who a woman. I guess so, says I. You, my son, said he, get married, and *marry soon*; don't you see you were a thinkin' it over in Arnica.—Well I feel most plaguily cheered, minister, says I, to say, for if once you get into the wrong box, and the door is locked on you, it's no use tongue as I see; and besides, women are so everlastin' full of tricks, and so cunnin' as kitin' them skivehaned, that its no easy matter to tell whether the bait has a hook in it or not; and if you go a-playin' round it and a-nibblin' at it, why a sudden jerk given by a skittish critter may wing it into your gills afore you know it where you be, and your flint is fixed as sure as there ain't snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and twist, and twirl both feet and fins as you will, but the more cholerapious you become, the faster the hook is fixed in, and the surer the place is. Nothin's most to hell for you but to submit to your fate, and that's apt to your fate. Now if you go for to take a wife, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are inflated pigs, and the pen-nine is mad, why an even chance if you don't spile her in breakin' her in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy pull. If you act too old, they are apt to be too knowing and bewild heed their head so long; and, if they are too young, they are hardly waywise enough to be pleasant. Which, now, do you recommend, minister, widder or maid? Your old critter? I know'd well enough he did'nt know nothin' about it, hasn't had no experience among women any more nor a child; but I could see his human hide, for most men like to be thought knowin' on the subject. Why, says he, a-lookin' up wise like, says he a-stutter'in like, some prefers one, and some prefers the other. (So like human nater' that, warn't it? Squire?—You never heard a man in your life, where could it a-been, that was not on the subject I ain't just altogether able to speak on, and yet plagey few know much more about 'em than the woman wear petticoats, and tant don't. It's quite a nutter of taste, said he, but, as far as my experience goes, says the old man, I am half inclined to recommend them widders as make the best wives. Hain't lost a husband, they know the sex-ton house we have of late, and are apt to be more considerate, more kind, and more tender than maids. At all events, there is enough in the idee to put them on equal terms. I guess it's act of one and half a dozen of t'other, and would be much my way. But whichever it be, you must perm their temper first, and their notion; see what sort of sisters and darters they make; try—best, dear sir, first like a said he, a-lookin' at his watch, how late it is! I must go, for I have a sick visit. I still visit my dear bad flesh, as if they hadn't a-used me so ill. Then, I forgive them, all of it, and I don't harbor any hard thoughts agin' any of them. I pity 'em, and always remember 'em in my prayers, for my religion is a religion of the heart, and not of the head, as political dissent is. Yes, I must go now; but I'll give you a word of advice as parley' my dear boy. Don't marry too poor a gal, for they are apt to think there is no end to their husband's pins; nor too rich a gal, for they are apt to respond you of it unpleasant sometimes; nor too giddy a gal, for they neglect their families; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, ram off and leave you; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord; nor a weak-minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers, you see.

O Lord! says I, minister, how you shred a body! Where under the sun will you find a non-such like what you describe? There ain't nothin' no such critters as them to be found. I'll tell you, my son, said he, for I'd like afore I die to see you well mated; I would indeed! I'll tell you, the you talk to him as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know you but them as a romp all their days with them as you do; but mean, let me tell you, know and most, for they are only acquainted with the least dearning. I'll gin you a gage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible.—*The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the daughter.*

The Promised Ring.

Hanging the heath.
I found him sitting by a fountain side,
Of which he borrowed name in speech his thirst.
And gave me simple water to make it taste.
A garland hung by him, made by himself:
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay.
Much in that superior order that the sacrament
Would not take place without them. But even where
No basket upon upon was he would weep,
As if no amount to make it taste of rain
Coming such pretty helpless innocence
Dwelt in his face, I had no will to hurt him.
I'll tell me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields.
Where grew no mercy, and of the crystal springs
Which did not stop but increase; and the sun,
Which broods on the thousand lion, parched him too light.
Then took he up his garland, and did move,
What every flower to every pretty maid,
But eagerly, and more all ordered thus.
Expect his gift: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest instance of his country art
That I have seen.

Minister and the Dying Child.

The folly of believing and relying upon foreign dancers is powerfully exhibited in the two following sketches. One represents Mad. Elssler as a beautiful angel, and the other pictures a dying child on the same evening. Hear them:

"She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit, and on her head was a wreath of flowers, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, gray beards or not. The lovely creature who graced the scene, looked on enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; the vast crowd of men stood and applauded with their whole might, and the beautiful dancing master there giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her wrung your neck off, upon the shoulder, and then down to our unusual dollars alone—now let us go.' But the minister, he, he! he! he! absorbed and entranced, and thumped for her to come out and—

"At that moment, in an obscure hovel, upon in many parts to the cold, biting winds, without fire, alone and a poor woman, holding to her child's bosom her sick and dying babe, which upon a bed pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children too. Her eye was heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, yearned for that heart its pang! a mother loved, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed the tears from eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping though many weary days—and the deep and frenzy was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no hope—no sympathy—no help—no aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art—charity's angel arm came not to relieve—the luxuries of her own table, and of life flaviored and waved in its fair urn, and the robe of the mother bounded in that solitary room, to the agony of her grief and misfortune, 'a few pence had netted them to me, my sweet babe,'—as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber; 'Mother, first mother, give me some bread'—as the keen wind came through the crevices and she clasped the dying child to her bosom; at that moment, a dashing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands, and her regrets of gold and silver—made her last grateful bow, and took the princely sum which was her's for a few moment's pleasant labor.

"As the spectators gave their last shout, the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother found its despair upon all that remained to her of the little prattler whom she so dearly loved.

"Such is life."

Literature on the Lever.

For original fun, and graphic comic pictures the editor of the N. O. Picayune is unequalled. We have often copied from him, and could draw here in one equal to the best of them.

Any one who spends much of his time upon our *Levee* must have noticed the blacking you never used by some of the peddlers while roping the up-country green horns. One of them is wonderfully gifted with a gushing brevity of tongue, and lets off his praises of his goods, chattels, and ole-aune generally, something in this wise:

"Vails up, vails up, gentlemens! you see is it a *literakery turn o'* mind vails up. 'Eve's the worry latest Hinglish grammer, hillustrated—ing'her prime fix for the hinkhorn boys-hinkle 'Eve's the 'Pirate's Own Book,' which contains the barberous villanies and 'igh 'anded murders of all the most notoriguous gents that ever vish all their hawful hendson on the gallowses—It'll make a helegant Christ mas present. I hales offer you the werry vunderfullest blacken' powder vails hinto any lady or gentlemans their fotsee pers, and vether or no they'll be of a sweet temper, and——can't take less as four bits, sir, cos its werry scarce, and cost vhen I sit a down ropes in brasseence. Vails up, run up, tumble up, and say so long as you gois up, and purchase all the hasts and esences, and I'll be back to Richer, the 'Manifold Letter Writer,' and the 'Jan along Joosy Songster'—Vy, sir, I'll let you 'ave that vash, cheek com'lexion, 'arair mesterizer of a viddy lady and thirteen small children by the vild Hindjus, for a cents zuffin—ony six bits and a pic: it's meraculous property at a reduction o ten per cent hunder the horiginal cost price, don't make enough to buy vun's salt and vinegar, but the times is bad and I must part vith it. In a say o' you gentlemen in vant of a Latin work'—here's vun—Cum doggere oligaterorum—'Ere, you little nigger-a-doo' hark. Comic Helmenac and sealing vax, 'istories and biographies, and moral and scientifical hessays and vallets, vig'ly furnished for men o' hexcuse'—on given away, dirt cheap, you 'ere. Then dance up to the mark, gentlemen, buy you o' my rare vorks and greet to the vorld as you've got minds above the vulgar herd."

Thus he goes on, his tongue never stopping unless a blacker, unacquainted with the ways of the world, steps up to poise his miserable trash.—*N. O. Pic.*

From the Dial.

My Thoughts.

Many are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing,
And they are like a summer sad swell
There's no limit for choosing
Which to follow for to write
Any means a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks.
As on ground or sea,
Startle hawk can one by one
In extensive view,
Waking one another up
From the sinking weather.

Some so merry that I laugh
Some are grave and serious,
Some so critic, they don't approach
In enough to worry us,
Others like the midnight ghosts,
Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that are my steal
Like the wise whom I love,
Great thoughts winged with melody
Common utterance nothing,
Moving to an awe and wonder
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
Chilotes all of sorrow,
Some are as gay, as if to day
Could ere to-morrow—
And yet like light and shade they each
Must from the other borrow.

One by one they came to me
On their fleetest minutes
One by one I see them go
With an hopeless vanish
For they've no power to stay
To their home Elysium.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from our last.]

"I don't know how it is, or why, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Nubbles, disconcerting with her son's assistance, "but he has been a terrifying of me out of my senses ever all this blessed day."

"He has?" cried Kit.

"You wouldn't believe it, if you wouldn't," replied his mother; "but don't say a word to him, for I really don't believe he's human. Hush!—Don't turn round as if I was talking of him, but he's a-sitting at the low end in the full blaze of the comeh-lamp, quite awful!"

In spite of his mother's injunction, Kit turned sharply round to look. Mr. Quilp was actually gazing at the stars, quite absorbed in celestial contemplation.

"Oh, he's the artfullest creetur!" cried Mrs. Nubbles. "But come away. Don't speak to him for the world."

"I see I will, mother. What nonsense," say, sir—"

Mr Quilp effected to start, and looked smilingly round.

"You let my mother alone, will you?" said Kit. "How dare you tease a poor lone woman like her, taunting her miserable and unlonesday as if she hadn't got trouble enough of her own to put out. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, sir, to behave so?"

"Monster?" said Quilp inwardly, with a smile—"I gimee dwarf that could be sent anywhere for a penny—monster—ah!"

"You have been guilty of your impudence again," resumed Kit, shouldering the head-bar, "and I will you what, Mr. Quilp, I won't bear with you any more. You have no right to be here, and you was never interfered with you. This isn't the first time; and if ever you worry or frighten her again, you'll oblige me though I should be loved for it, on account of your size; to beat you."

Quilp said not a word in reply, but walking up so close to Kit as to bring his eyes within two or three inches of his face, looked fixedly at him, transferred a little distance without removing his gaze, approached again, again withdrew, and so on for half-a-dozen times, like a lizard in a pantomime. Kit stood his ground as if in expectation of an immediate assault, but finding that nothing came of these gestures, snapped his fingers and walked away; his mother dragging him off as fast as she could, and even in the midst of his woes of little Jacob and the baby, tinking anxiously over her shoulder to see if Quilp were following.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

Kit's mother might have spared herself the trouble of looking back so often, for nothing was further from Mr. Quilp's thoughts than any intention of pursuing the cart and its load.

He stood for some minutes in the same spot, with folded arms, and his head bent down, as if he were in deep reflection; then, raising himself with a sudden start, looked round him, whistling from time to time some fragments of a tune; and with a face quite transformed from that which he had worn a minute before, entertaining himself as he went with visions of the fears and terrors of Miss Quilp, when she should find herself left to pass the long, long whole days and two nights, and having had no previous notice of his absence, was desirous by the force of contrast, of contributing to her comfort and consolation.

This facetious probability was so congenial to the dwarf's humor, and so exquisitely suited to his taste, that he laughed as he went along until the tears ran down his cheeks; and more than once, when he found himself in a by-street, roused his delight in a shrill scream, which greatly terrified any lonely passenger, who happened to be walking on before him expecting nothing so little, and increased his mirth, and made him remarkably cheerful and light-hearted.

In this happy flow of spirits Mr. Quilp reached Tower Hill, where, giving up at the window of his own sitting-room, he thought he descried more light than is usual in a house of mourning.—Drawing nearer, and listening more attentively, he could hear several voices in earnest conversation, among which he could distinguish, not only those of his wife and mother-in-law, but the tongues of men.

"Ha!" cried the jealous dwarf, "What's this! Do they remember me already? I'm away!"

A smothered cough from above, was the reply. He felt in his pockets for his latch-key, but had forgotten it. There was no resource but to knock at the door.

"A light in the passage," said Quilp, peering through the key-hole. "A very soft knock; and, by my heart and my lady, I may yet steal upon you unawares. So-ho!"

A very low and gentle rap, received no answer for a while. But after a second application to the knocker, no louder than the first, the door was softly opened by the boy from the wharf, and Quilp instantly glided on board, and dragged into the street with the other.

"You'll throttle me, master," whispered the boy. "I can't breathe."

"Who's up-stairs, you dog?" retorted Quilp in the same tone. "Tell me. And don't speak above your breath, or I'll choke you in good earnest."

The boy could only point to the window, and grin with a certain expression of pain and extreme enjoyment, that Quilp clutched him by the throat again and might have carried his threat into execution, or at least have made very good progress towards that end, but for the boy's mutually extricating himself from his grasp, and forthwith himself locked the master out, when, after a few useless attempts to catch him by the hair of his head, his master was obliged to come to a parley.

"Will you answer me?" said Quilp. "What's going on, above?"

"You won't let me speak," replied the boy. "They're—he's—they think you're—you're dead. He he he!"

"Dead?" cried Quilp, relaxing into a grim smile himself. "So. Do they? Do they really, you dog?"

"They think you're—you've drowned," replied the boy, who as he spoke, received half a strong infusion of his master. "You was last seen on the brink of the wharf, and they think you fell—you fell in. He he he!"

The prospect of playing the spy under such delicious circumstances, and of disappointing them at the very moment when they were ready to Quilp—"He, he, he! oh, very rich, indeed, re-markably so!"

Waiting until Mr. Brass's ejaculations died away in the distance (for he continued to pour them out, all the way down stairs), Quilp advanced to the door, which was put ingrained in a kind of stupid amusement.

"Good night, sir," said the dwarf, nodding expressively.

"Good night, sir," good night," cried the lawyer, retreating backward toward the door. "This unfortunate—"

"Dear me, you've had a deal of trouble. Pray, consider yourself at home when you find upon the—upon the body. Good night."

The men looked at each other, but had evidently determined upon the point just then, and shuffled out of the room. This speedy clearance effected, Quilp locked the doors; and, still enjoying himself exceedingly, with a swagger of shoulders and folded arms, stood looking at his insensible wife like a disconcerted nightmare.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

Matrimonial confidences are usually discussed by the parties concerned in the form of dialogue, in which the lady bears at least her full half share. Those of Mr. and Mrs. Quilp, however, were an exception to the general rule: the remarks which they occasioned being limited to a long soliloquy on the part of the gentleman, with perhaps a few degressory observations from the lady, not extending beyond a trembling monosyllable uttered in a low tone, and in a very submissive and humble tone. On the present occasion, Mrs. Quilp did not for a long time venture even upon these humble defences, but when she had recovered from her fainting-fit sat in a tearful silence, meekly listening to the reproaches of her lord and master.

Of these Mr. Quilp delivered himself with the utmost animation and rapidity, and with such fine discrimination of epithet, that had she not been wholly intellectually overwhelmed by the superiority of her husband's genius, and if she had not been utterly bewildered by the rapidity with which he shifted from one subject to another, she could not have failed to be greatly edified by the display. Although totally insensible to the compliment, she was not unconscious of the pains which he took to show off to the best advantage, and of the constant reference which he made to herself as the model of perfection, and the standard of comparison; and although she was not in a condition to profit by the lesson, she was fully aware that she screamed violently, and would have quickly precipitated herself out of the window and brought a neighboring skylight, if she had not had her hair cut short, and her head thereby rendered but scantily available for the purpose.

Mr. S. D. Koop of Newberg, was cured of consumption by Dr. Wistar's Cough Lozenges. Mr. Koop had been afflicted with a severe cough for many years, and having several doctors, and every thing else without effect, he was induced to try Dr. Wistar's Lozenges, which restored him to perfect health.

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Those afflicted with deafness arising from cold the perspiration must peruse invitation, and will restore their hearing by using Dr. Peters's Pills.

Dr. Peters's Vegetable Pills are prepared in accordance with scientific principles, agreeable to the laws of life, and in the happy effects in producing by restoring those organs of the body which will produce health and the enjoyment of that sense for many years.

Dr. Peters's Pills have restored hearing restored many, and will restore it to you. Let no one neglect to try them.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. Wistar Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the State of Pennsylvania, for the sale of my celebrated COUGH LOZENGES and VEGETABLE PILLS, with full power to appoint sub-agents in the different towns and cities in the State, and to prosecute all persons who may infringe upon my rights or injury of the public. I have thought proper to accompany this with a few certificates of cures effected by the use of my medicines, which I hope will be sufficient to induce every person in need of every benefit, to consult their own interest.

Dr. Peters's Pills are for sale, at 126 Chestnut street, 2nd; and by Dr. William Young, at his Perfumery depot, 126 Chestnut street, 2nd door above Fourth, and by Dr. Peters, 2nd door above Fourth and Pine, Philadelphia.

Dr. Peters's Pills are for sale by Agents over the Medicine Agency